

# George Thompson

Died 7. 10. 78 aged 74.

The Bell is ever tolling still:

The noble day by day depart

And so, the men of might and skill

And so the men of loving heart.

We look around, and miss the men

Who were most foremost in the fight

Unmatched by sloquence and pen

Who were the Champions of the right

Among these who had lingered long

George Thompson stood almost alone

Once leader & strongest of the strong

Of late, in weakness only known

That wondrous gift of his was speech

His fervour rose when there was need

His utterance every heart could reach

As he could the ten thousands lead

With Cobden, Bright and those who fought

For free trade principles, he stood -

For the down trodden, he long wrought

And suffered for his willing hand.



May it be Yours to find Your Place  
Among the ransomed ones above  
Where gathered are of every race  
To dwell in everlasting love.  
No slaves are there for all are free  
No fighting there for all is peace.  
Only the righteous can, there, be  
For there the ills of life all cease

May God bless You and be Your stay.  
Angels of mercy, You attend:  
And when from Earth You pass away  
You pass, The Coloured Poor man's friend

Joseph Soul

31.10.78

William Lloyd Garrison Esq.



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But still he lived so long to see  
The Corn Laws blotted by repeal  
And slaves in the great King's dome free  
And wrongs in India partly heal  
Trusted his labours so long blest  
Now he has rest, he needed this  
Such labours are among the best;  
Such Patriotic men, we need -

But there are others to the fore,  
We always want them and they rise  
(Corruption needs continued war)

They often come with sweet surprise  
We need the eloquent and true

The men in works, in faith, and love  
The men who well know what to do  
A power for earth, from heaven above:

Ineffable

9.10.78.